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SIGHTS SEEN IN CUBA.

Notes of an Observer Who Accompanied the Senatorial Party.

Upon the second day of our stay in Havana the Senators were invited to the home of the captain general, the invitation being sent through the American consul, General Williams. In accordance with the invitation, the party of "distinguidos viajeros Americanos" took carriages about mid-day for the home of the great dignitary in the suburbs.

We made a funny string of dilapidated victorias, multitudinously patched and mended, and mealy little horses, which in appearance, beat the mule in sorrowful abstraction and utter hopelessness. We went in a helter skelter way up the Prado, past the Campo Marte, and out the Paseo Tacon to the noted gardens and country house of the Spanish ruler. In the tropical gardens are worlds of fruits and vegetables, many of which we never see in the north. Why, to see them once leaves your mouth a little like that of a hungry dog eyeing a forbidden bone. In the same gardens there may be coconuts, dates, lemons, oranges, pineapples, zapotas, mamees, limes, soppadillos, bread fruit, bananas, pomogranates, pine apples, mangoes, alligator pears, star apples, grape fruit, guava, custard apples, yams, rose apples, citrons, and so on in an endless list.

The workmen were negroes and a few coolies, slaves or ex slaves, and some were nearly naked and all naked to the waist. In the workshops I again observed a curious thing, and that is the tendency to make all motions away from the body. They sharpen pencils, whittle, hew, and saw never inward or toward the body. It looks odd to see them saw with the stick fixed in position and the saw held perpendicular in front of it with its back to the body, and thus raised up and down. When a person wishes to beckon another, he holds up his hand with palm outward, gives a sharp "p-s-s-t," which is the universal hailing signal in Cuba, and then waves his hand outwardly in exactly the opposite motion to what we would make.

While we gathered at the stables the captain general's daughter had her splendid saddle horse, of pure Andalusian blood and brought over from her home, brought out and shown off for us, while a groom clung to him desperately to keep him down out of the clouds.

Finally we returned to the house and proceeded informally to the dining room, where all were seated around a single long table, except the captain general himself, who remained standing behind his daughter's chair during the meal. Our party was a good deal embarrassed by this, for, as we just filled the chairs, it looked as though we had crowded out our exalted host.

We then concluded that it was through point of etiquette or ceremony that he did not sit at the table with us. So anxious were we that one of our ladies asked his daughter, and she explained that at such affairs her father rarely seated himself. He liked to stand and overlook the table, and see that the servants neglected no one. He never ate at such entertainments, as he has a weak stomach for indulgences, and takes only plain and simple food regularly.

The servants were in gorgeous livery; the wine was superb, so that some of the connoisseurs of our party felt their eyes sparkle, and the refreshments simple in character and plentiful.

When it came to the champagne the captain general made a speech, which was translated by the consul general, and Mr. Sherman responded, the consul general again translating, and all drank standing. The speeches were the usual conventional exchanges of compliments and good wishes, but the consul general told us afterward that the captain general spoke with more warmth and evident sincerity than was usual with him on such occasions.

Before we left an invitation was given to come again in the evening, when there would be music and dancing. A large number of our party accepted, and our young ladies were much admired, and made a great impression. The Spaniards were greatly pleased at the ladies coming and dancing, and our young man showed some of the Senators a thing or two in waiting.

The more we saw of Cuban women the more unqualifiedly we acknowledged their wonderful beauty. We hardly saw a homely woman in Havana, and we saw some beautiful beyond description. There is a sameness about the beauty that might in the collective grow a little monotonous, but an individual instance is incomparable.

Even if the face is not otherwise fine the lustrous eyes can light up and glorify it, and the eyes of the Cuban women are like stars of the summer night, and the velvety black masses of hair bound about their heads and thrust through with a gold bodkin, after custom immemorial in old Spain, truly woman's crown of glory. The sensuous perfection of their forms in soft and graceful outlines, the witchery of the dark eyes and alighting lips full and rich, the sly grace of the fan or cigarette, the dainty, arched feet, with gold embroidered black stockings, and the most beautiful of all ornaments for the head, the manilla, have often been celebrated in song and story and poetry, but they never received any more praise or admiration than they deserved.—Cuba Cor. Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Before and After.

Young wife—"I know very well, mother, that my husband no longer loves me."

Mother—"How do you know it, my daughter?"

"You know he belongs to a fire company."

"Yes."

"Well, before we were married, when we were courting and the fire bell rang, he never went to the fire. He said that he would rather pay the fine."

"Why, what does he do now?"

"Well, now, at the very first sound of the bell, he says duty calls him, and he is off and away in three shakes of a sheep's tail."—Texas Siftings.

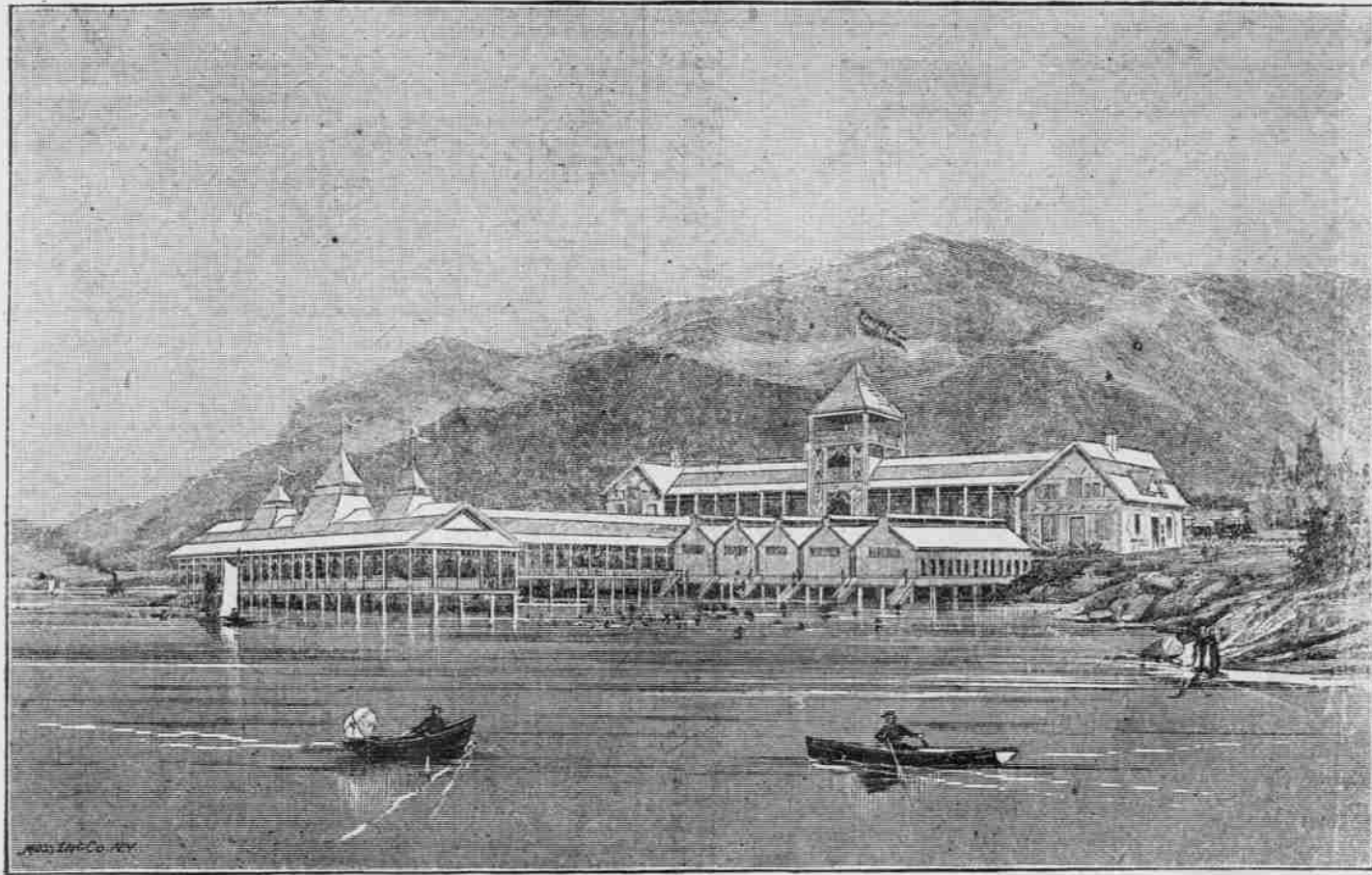
Mr. Blaine, while in Europe, should drop in on Pope Leo and get some points on Romanism.

THE GARFIELD OPENING.

THE UTAH & NEVADA RAILWAY GRAND OPENING OF GARFIELD BEACH!

Under the Management of the Pacific Hotel Company.

Louis Eppinger, General Manager.



Thursday, June 23d, 1887,

EVERYTHING NEW!

MAGNIFICENT PAVILION, built over the water 400 feet from the shore, with COVERED APPROACH over 300 feet long.

OVER 200 ELEGANT DRESSING ROOMS, furnished with Stationary Wash Stands, Showers, Mirrors, etc.

IMMENSE STATION BUILDING, with High Tower in Centre and Spacious Balconies overlooking the Lake.

COMMODIOUS DINING-ROOM, RESTAURANT and SALOON in Station Building, supplied with everything the markets afford.

GRAND CONCERT Every Afternoon, except Sunday, by the Garfield Beach Brass Band & Orchestra, composed of the best home talent.

Finest Bathing in the World. The Only Clean, Sandy Beach on the Entire Lake.

Five Hundred New and Expensive Bathing Suits for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Salt Lake City daily at 8.15 and 11.15 a.m., 2.15 and 4.45 p.m.

Arrive at Salt Lake City daily at 10.45 a.m., 1.45, 7.45 & 8.45 p.m.

W. W. RITER,

Superintendent.

S. F. FENTON,

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GOULD AND NYE.

The Millionaire Interviewed by the Humorist.

Carefully concealing the fact that I had any business relations with the press, writes Bill Nye in the New York World, of a call he recently made on Jay Gould, I gave my card to the person who does chores for Mr. Gould, and, apologizing for not having dropped in before, I took a seat in the spare room to wait for the great railroad magnate.

Mr. Gould entered the room with a low, stealthy tread, and looked me over in a cursory way and yet with the air of a connoisseur.

"I believe that I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, sir," said the great railroad swarrior and amateur philanthropist with a tinge of railroad irony.

"Yes, sir, we met some ten years ago," said I, lightly running my fingers over the keys of the piano in order to show him that I was accustomed to the sight of a piano. "I was then working in the rolling mill at Laramie City, Wyo., and you came to visit the mill, which was then operated by the Union Pacific Railroad Company. You do not remember me because I have purchased a different pair of trousers since I saw you, and the cane which I wear this season changes my whole appearance also. I remember you, however, very much."

"Well, if we grant all that, Mr. Nye, will you excuse me for asking you to what I am indebted for this call?"

"Well, Mr. Gould," said I, rising to my full height and putting my soft hat on the brow of the Venus de Milo, after which I seated myself opposite him in a deplorable western way, "you are indebted to me for this call. That's what you are indebted to. But we will let that pass. We are not here to talk about indebtedness, Jay. If you are busy you needn't return this call till next winter. But I am here just to converse in a quiet way, as between man and man. To talk over the past, to ask you now you conduct is and to inquire if I can do you any good in any way whatever. This is no time to speak pieces and ask in a grammatical way, 'to what you are indebted for this call.' My main object in coming up here was to take you by the hand and ask you how your memory is this spring? Judging from what I could hear, I was led to believe that it was a little inclined to be sluggish and atrophied days and to keep you awake nights. Is that so, Jay?"

"No, sir; that is not so."

"Very well, then I have been misled by the reports in the papers, and I am glad it is all a mistake. Now, one thing more before I go. Did it ever occur to you that while you and your family are all out in your yacht together some day, a sudden squall, a quick lurch of the lee scuppers, a tremendous movement of the main brace, a shudder of the spring boom might occur and all be over?"

"Yes, sir. I have often thought of it, and, of course, such a thing might happen at any time; but you forgot that while we are out on the broad and boundless ocean we enjoy ourselves. We are free. People with morbid curiosity cannot come and call on us. We cannot get the daily newspapers, and we do not have to meet low, vulgar people who pay their debts and perspire."

"Of course, that is one view to take of it; but that is only a selfish view. Supposing you had made no provision for the future in case of accident. Would it not be well for you to name some one outside of your own family to take up this great burden which is now weighing you down—this money which you say yourself has made a slave of you—and look out for it? Have you ever considered this matter seriously and settled upon a good man who would be willing to water your stock for you, and so conduct your affairs that nobody would get any benefit from your vast accumulations and in every way carry out the policy which you have inaugurated."

"If you have not thoroughly considered this matter I wish that you would do so at an early date. I have in my mind's eye just such a man as you need. His shoulders are well fitted for a burden of this kind, and he would pick it up cheerfully at any time you see fit to lay it down. I will give you his address."

"Thank you," said Mr. Gould, as the thermometer in the next room suddenly froze up and burst with a loud report. "And now, if you will excuse me for offsetting my time, which is worth \$500 a minute, against yours which I judge to be worth about \$1 per week, I will bid you good morning."

He then held the door open for me, and shortly after that I came away. There were three reasons why I did not remain, but the principle reason was that I did not think that he wanted me to do so.

And so I came away and left him. There was little else that I could say after that.

It is not the first time that a western man has been treated with consideration in his own section, only to be frowned upon and frozen when he meets the same man in New York.

Mr. Gould is below the medium height, and is likely to remain so through life. His countenance wears a crafty expression, and yet he allowed himself to be April-fooled by a genial little party of gentlemen from Boston, who, called the Central branch of the Union Pacific Railroad by holding back all the freight for two weeks in order to have it on the road while Jay was examining the property.

Trouble For Pa.

"Ma," inquired Bobby, "hasn't pa a queer idea of heaven?"

"Well, I think not, Bobby. Why?"

"I heard him say that the week you spent in Albany seemed like heaven to him."—New York Sun.

Force of Habit.

Wayfarer—I beg your pardon sir, I have lost my way. Will—

Editor—Lost your way, eh. Well, why don't you advertise and offer a reward for it?—Life.